

"Oh dark forces that run through my bloodline, come forth as I summon thee. Fill this being with ancient powers, bring him to life, and grant him vigor." Kuroeda chanted to herself in the empty convenience store.

A dark elf of considerable power, Kuroeda was a practitioner of black magic, spells of great power and import. It was by mere happenstance that she was currently working in a convenience store and no other reason. She was packed into her ceremonial attire, a scanty collection of leather straps and patches that kept most of her generous body exposed. Adorned with a black cape and holding a snake-bound staff, she chanted before the summoning circle in front of her. The store had run low on cola and it was all the way in the back; as a powerful sorceress, such menial labor was beneath her, so she deigned to summon her restock. As she chanted, the goods began to materialize, plastic slowly forming into a single collection of shapes. Her platinum hair billowed from the arcane winds, sharp ears jutting from beneath her locks like daggers. As the spell reached a crescendo, her eyes opened, her purple sclera gleaming with energy. There was a satisfied grin on her face as she chanted; she had nearly gotten through her spell without a single incident.

***Snap***

She'd thought that sentiment too soon, as just as the bottles had formed, the leather strap around her hip snapped and her spell was cut short. With her magic broken and her spell interrupted, the sodas stayed half-formed, and unfortunately, the caps were what had been missed in her conjuration.

***Ppffshhhhhhh***

"Eeeee! Oh no! Oh no!" Kuroeda panicked, scrambling to cap the sodas as they sprayed all over her.

Another wardrobe malfunction, another failed spell, and Kuroeda knew the reason; it was her prodigious weight gain since she'd come to the human realm. Weight gain only made painfully obvious by her skimpy outfit. What was once a dark-skinned, toned, and svelte midriff had become a curled hill with the consistency and appearance of pudding. Her wobbling stomach stuck out over her g-string like a blob, glistening with the sticky soda that dripped from it. Deluges of the drink seemed to be avoiding her shelves completely and only soaking her, seeping down her top and making her modest bust shine with the sugary liquid. When she looked at her fatty upper body in the growing pool of water, she saw a form she could almost be satisfied with. If a slightly pudgy stomach and bra-hugging bust were all that came from her time in the human world, it would have been alright, but then she looked down.

She was almost pear-shaped in how her body had accumulated its fat; her generous hips flared out in grand curves that warped her silhouette. Tapering slabs of curved fat and flesh that jutted past her shoulders and wrapped around to an ass that would be too large to be called generous. No, what Kuroeda was sporting was a seam-busting, pant-splitting, bulging pair of

cheeks that would make someone blush. Large as an expecting mother's belly, they were her only obstruction when it came to dark magic. No matter how hard she worked, how much she ran, her ass would not go away. It was getting to the point where she was changing pants on the daily, blowing through an entire wardrobe in a week. With each inch that piled on her derriere, another couple months were added to her stay in the human world and that many more shifts demeaning herself at the corner store.

As she stood in despair, looking at her sopping wet body and feeling her plush thighs start to stick together, she saw a face. In a panic she summoned back her clothes, worried that she had somehow missed a customer. The green convenience uniform wrapped around her sopping midriff, soaking up the soda as her pants materialized. Fabric stretched tight around her massive ass, hugging and defining the curves as they struggled to come together. Kuroeda could feel the threads digging into her flesh, lifting and accentuating the curves until her ass jutted out from behind her. Her fat ass was packed so tightly into those pants that she creaked when she walked, swiftly turning around to greet her would-be customer.

"Excuse me, please. I can check you out; just be careful of the mess." Kuroeda bowed profusely as she heard a loud snickering.

**"Hahahahaha** Dumpling Butt strikes again. Too fat to cast spells these days? Maybe you should just give up the whole magic thing, become a fruit seller or something? You've got the pears for it." Peeking around the corner was Kuroeda's annoying rival and fellow prisoner in weight loss, Elfuda.

"Says the elf with a gut so big she can't draw her bow anymore!" Kuroeda's eyes twitched as she stared daggers around the corner.

As a wood elf, Elfuda was always going to be one of her rivals, someone with whom she shared an almost instinctual vitriol. With blonde hair, blue eyes, and skin as fair as fine silk, she was the bubbly antithesis to Kuroeda and a major annoyance. That annoyance and vitriol was only accentuated by the way she seemed to show up in all the worst places. She was an elf stuck in the human world, like Kuroeda; unlike Kuroeda, though, her fat was more prominently on display. It all came down to her choice of outfit; while Kuroeda chose a baggy top, Elfuda had decided to go the lazy route. She was poured into a tight-fitting white tee that she'd outgrown two sizes ago, her blubbery bubble of a gut sticking out from the eternal gap between her pants and shirt. A huge swell of a stomach that made her look like she'd swallowed an egg or balloon. Wobbling like jelly every time she did anything more strenuous than breath, it was her most prominent feature. It was a miracle that her t-shirt was still intact, given how tightly it hugged her curves. Just above her massive love handles, her shirt dug into the folds of her fat gut, defining the place where bulge met belly. It was a great swell, large enough that she could see it past her own fat-engorged tits, another sore spot for Kuroeda. A sore spot made sorer by the gravity-defying nature of her breasts.

Her melon-sized tits were practically sculpted by her tight shirt, a shirt plastered with "No Fry, No life!" Kanji, not that you could read that text without burying your head in her mammaries. Her wobbling melons jutted off her body like old cannons and rested upon her blubbery stomach like blobs. They strained the front of her shirt and only added to the curvy nature of her form, but their blatant curvature was enough to distract anyone from her more generous and less flattering features. The track pants she wore seemed far too tight for her body, wrapping around her plush thighs and outlining the muffintop that bulged over her waistband. The front of her pants was so tight and so stretched that it defined the fat on her pelvis, a portion humans online called a fupa. A heavy and bulging mound that was nestled between prodigious thunder thighs. Thighs too thicc to fit in chairs and too blubbery to do anything but push her legs apart. She was a ridiculous woman that only made Kuroeda angry when they met.

"I'll have you know that my chest is what stops me from drawing a bow, not my gut. Not like I need a bow to take out your dumpling butt-having...ass." Elfuda struggled to come up with a suitable insult as the two of them bickered.

"The world serpent called, and he wondered if you stole his lunch." Kuroeda looked abnormally pleased with her little insult; her nights watching mortal television had paid off.

"What do the humans say again? She's all caked up? Well, girl, you are what you eat, because you're sporting a whole bakery back there." Elfuda held her hand to her chin, laughing in a superior tone as Kuroeda gritted her teeth.

The pair of them exchanged barbs back and forth, getting closer with each one until they were chest to chest. Pushing their busts into each other as they vied for some false superiority, fighting for space to make the other yield. Their breasts wobbled against each other, smushing like raw dough as they bickered, pressing so hard that their guts met. Elfuda's swollen stomach acted as a nice shelf to support Kuroeda's ripe oranges. Pressing and pushing, their fat midriiffs bulging as they argued, quivering like a coiled spring until they were sprung back, too exhausted to argue anymore.

"What, **huff**, are you doing here, anyway?" Kuroeda panted, her meager stamina reserves drained by throwing her body weight into an immovable blob.

"**Pant wheeze** I'm here for some food. Nahoe's helping me with my diet; he found a way to make potatoes that are healthier." Sweat dripped from Elfuda's face as she caught her breath.

"Fine, I'll check you out." Kuroeda maneuvered behind the register as Elfuda produced her groceries.

Behind the both of them, Kuroeda's familiar had already gotten to cleaning up the soda, grabbing a mop from the back to sop it all up. Kuroeda and Elfuda exchanged their shopping

pleasantries and some transactional barbs before the whale of an elf left the store. Lumbering like she was some overinflated float, as she left, Kuroeda cursed under her breath.

“What a lucky blimp. She can yoyo between fit and fat as much as she likes, but I'm stuck with this massive caboose.” Kuroeda paused her exclamation when an idea sprang from her mind. “Maybe...there's a way to kill two blobs with one stone.”

Kuroeda wrapped her head in formula and plots as she finished out the rest of her shift, returning to her modest home. It was a simple apartment, a little thing she scraped together on a clerk's salary. Just large enough to fit her and her paraphernalia and almost large enough to fit her overblown hips. Her meaty haunches often got stuck in the undersized doorways when she entered, constant reminders of her girth. After her fight with the doorframe, she leapt into the books, pouring over bundled tomes of ancient spells.

“Incantations, curses, enchantments, necromancy...no, I don't want to kill her...yet.” She flipped through the pages at blazing speed, vague recollections of her desired revenge flickering in her mind. “Ha! Here we are! Potions!”

The last time she'd brought out this section of her tome was when she made that cursed soda, one of her more ill-planned endeavors. This time, she was sure she'd get the brew right; slowly, she flicked through the pages, carefully reading the effects. The pages were tacky as she turned them, sticking together from the remnant soda on her fingertips. It took her longer than she'd liked, the sun was set and the streetlights were lit by the time she found the right page. The page in question was one that served her purpose completely.

“I can't believe it's real; only the most petty of witches would dare make a tincture so vile.” Kuroeda snickered to herself as she read the page.

What she had uncovered was a nourishment transference spell, one that would transfer any energy from food and send it to the imbiber. In more modern terms, it would give calories to whoever drank the potion, calories in an adjustable amount. Kuroeda giggled with glee as she furiously scribbled down the ingredients, taking painfully detailed notes about the process. She flicked back and forth between the pages, moving from ingredient to incantation. The incantation was unorthodox and had a few added steps not listed on the prior page, but she was too tired to question it. She transcribed it all and dashed over to her cauldron, list in hand as she piled in the ingredients. As Kuroeda worked, a breeze blew through her open window, catching the book. Her potion page stood on end, unusually thicker than the other pages. Gradually it began to part, splitting down the middle and revealing a detail she missed. The pages were stuck together; she was unknowingly using the ingredients potion and the incantation for another potion. It was a lover's potion, one meant to allow two betrothed to experience everything the other did.

Kuroeda ignorantly chanted over her cauldron, a picture of Elfuda serving as the totem of focus.

“Shared by life, our fates are bound, bound in spell, our lives we share. Bring to light our shared fruits and make them realized upon our bodies.” Kuroeda chanted, the light in the room dimming as the cauldron's purple glow siphoned it.

She worked furiously through the night, chanting incessantly and stirring her potion until morning's light. After exhaustive work, it was complete, and she could enact her plan.

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Kuroeda was exhausted, falling asleep at the cafe, barely able to keep her eyes open as she waited. She had spent all night working on her potion and a little bit of the early morning, but she'd completed it. Absentmindedly sipping her coffee, she waited for her target and rival; all it took to get Elfuda to agree to the meetup was a promise of french fries, which was easy enough to find. Now, all Kuroeda had to do was wait and stay away; she'd already ordered fries to be brought to her elf friend and had a soda filled with the gaining potion; it was just taking her far too long to get there.

***Thud***

Kuroeda felt a vibration in her chair, a heavy rumble that made her perk up from her coffee.

***Thud***

Another heavy impact hit the ground, sending a ripple through her coffee as she looked down the road. She could see a shape in the distance, something bulging and mountainous, looming like a blob.

***Wobble***

***Bwoon***

Coming into view, with the sun shining off her golden hair, was Elfuda, somehow larger than she was the previous night. Despite her claims of diet and diligence, her stomach was more bloated than prior. A bobbing lure of flesh that flopped over her waistband and smacked against her fat pelvis. It was like an engorged balloon, like a blimp with an elf attached to it; Elfuda was so shameless that she'd let her stomach hang out completely, baring it like a ripe peach. Kuroeda tried her best not to say anything as the elf huffed and puffed her way up the road, taking a seat at the table and garnering more than a few stares.

"Good morning, you're looking healthy." Kuroeda did her best to not say anything snide as she raised her eyebrow, sipping her coffee.

**"Huurrrgh** Thanks. Nahoe told me about these really healthy vegetables I can eat as a substitute for potatoes. So I've been eating those all day." Elfuda had such an innocent smile that you knew she wholeheartedly believed what she was saying.

"Is that what..." Kuroeda didn't know how to finish that sentence without calling Elfuda a fat pig, so she opted to just gesture vaguely towards her midriff.

"Yeah! He said this celery stuff takes more energy to burn than it gives. So if I eat as much of it as I can stomach, I should be burning fat in no time." Elfuda placed her hands on her hips, looking up with an incredibly smug grin.

"That makes perfect sense. I hope I'm not ruining your diet with this little treat." Kuroeda smiled as she motioned towards the incoming tray.

While they'd been talking, Kuroeda's familiar had been walking towards the table; a freshly made packet of Elfuda's favorite fries sat upon a tray. Oil glistened and sizzled as the heat from the golden potatoes dissipated, steam pouring off of them as they were set upon the table. Next to them was a cup of cola, a regular cup for most but a small when you considered Elfuda's normal proclivities. The fizzing soda bubbles within, sending small sparks of carbonation up the plastic straw.

**"Ompphhh** It should be *nomnom* fine. A little break in a diet never hurt anybody." Elfuda was speaking through a full mouth, golden stalks sticking past her lips as she devoured her goods.

Kuroeda had to do a double take, looking from Elfuda to the now empty box of fries; somehow, she had managed to move quick as a whip and eaten the fries in a single go. Kuroeda could scarcely believe the level of gluttony Elfuda had displayed, but she wasn't even given much of a reprieve. As Elfuda finished her fries, she took healthy drinks of her cola, sipping the drink so vigorously that it caved in on itself. Kuroeda watched in wonder as Elfuda sapped her soda completely, cheeks pulling in as she sucked as hard as she possibly could. In a single draught, she'd downed the entire drink and the potion with it.

"As long as I'm not causing you too much of a disruption." Kuroeda wryly smiled as she watched Elfuda drink.

For the both of them, a more peaceful chit-chat was far from ordinary, but the fries were enough to distract any of Elfuda's suspicions. While she munched on another box of fries, Kuroeda decided to put her little potion to the test. Clicking her fingers under the table, her familiar brought a plate of donuts to her. Glazed and fried rings of dough that she'd come to love and were a contributing factor to her increased girth. They were sugary, oily calorie bombs that she couldn't get enough of. So dense and fluffy that in a few minutes a dozen could have

vanished down her maw. Luckily, none of them would be hitting her stomach this time around; with Elfuda already pre-stuffed, it would be easy to see the effect of Kuroeda's little potion.

Side-eyeing Elfuda's stomach, Kuroeda took a bite of her sugary confection, the chocolate filling inside exploding into her mouth. It was a burst of sugary flavor that turned off the higher functions in her brain, making her crave more. She crammed the donut in her mouth, pushing it in so far that her cheeks bulged as she noisily chewed. She reached for the second one immediately, plopping it into her mouth whole, chewing the little ring and sections and feeling the heavy cream splash around in her mouth. Kuroeda's baser desires were often indulged by her familiar, the tiny servant too simplistic to do anything but fulfill requests, and her current request was more donuts. It was a nonverbal desire that was transferred through unconscious magic, one that had already been dutifully obeyed. The little skeleton was already at the ready with another plate of doughnuts for Kuroeda to eat. She was so driven by her sugar craze that she'd completely lost track of Elfuda.

***Bwoomph***

***Fwoomp***

"That is weird; I feel full, but I've only had a few fries." Elfuda looked curiously down at her package.

To her, a few fries meant a whole package of them, but she was right about the quantity; she'd only had one package, but she was feeling like she'd gorged herself on them. To her amazement, her stomach was lurching out, moving from bloated blob to a practically pregnant swell. Every few seconds there was another inch on her gut, her shirt creeping up the pink blob, revealing more and more of it. Her curled fat rolls were puffing out into tight swells, her gut creeping out like it was hooked to a hose. Leaping out in lurches until it bumped into the table, the surface of her stomach quivering from the fullness. The sudden commotion was enough to break Kuroeda from her stupor as she looked at the massive stomach.

"You doing alright? You're looking a bit bloated." Kuroeda looked at Elfuda curiously as her stomach hugged the table rim.

"I think I'm a bit ***woooooorrrgh*** bloated. Must be all of the healthy food." Elfuda pressed a finger into her stomach, instinctually rubbing the surface to loosen up any tension.

***Frrtttt***

Elfuda's face went bright red as a small trumpet of gas slipped past her rear; the bit of relief she felt was overpowered by the mountains of embarrassment. She didn't want to admit how good it felt, but she surely didn't want anyone to notice. Furtively looking around, seeing if any of the guests noticed, only to realize the most important one did. Kuroeda was snickering on the other side of the table, her mouth failing to conceal her grinning face as her muscles heaved

in laughter. Elfuda felt a great heat rush to her face; anxious sweat pooled on her brow and in other less conspicuous places. She looked to Kuroeda with pleading eyes, hoping the dark elf could summon a bit of sympathy, but the pathetic gaze only made her body twitch more.

**"Hahahahaha!"** The self-control was gone, Kuroeda couldn't contain her laughter anymore and was now giving a heaving belly laugh, pointing at Elfuda with a sneaky gaze. "Who knew healthy food taught you how to trumpet?"

"Yeah....well..." Elfuda got up from the table, her mouth curling in frustration and embarrassment as she tried to think of a witty comeback. "Dumpling ass!"

Elfuda stormed off, strutting as best she could with her bobbing balloon gut in front of her, the tight orb bouncing up and down as she made heavy strides. Kuroeda could see her awkward stance; her flabby ass was clenched tight as it could be, trying to stop any more gas from coming out. Watching it gave her a wicked and rather nasty idea; she took a bite of her donut, swallowing without bothering to chew.

***Bbbppttt***

Almost immediately, another tiny trumpet of gas blew from her cheeks, too quiet for other guests to hear, but enough for her elf ears to pick up. She chuckled to herself, taking another bite.

***Frrt***

***Gulp***

***Brrrrttt***

***Nom***

***Fwwweettt***

Kuroeda couldn't see Elfuda's face, but she could hear the bloated elf's gas as she ran out of view, quickening her pace as her massive gut distended. She was so full and swollen that she must look like a beach ball. Kuroeda imagined her elf rival plodding down the street as she grew, inflating until she was round like a ball and rolled down the hill.

"Gods, it must be a sight." Kuroeda chuckled to herself before looking at her watch. "Crap, I need to get to the store."

Kuroeda and her familiar both rushed down the road, her khaki pants straining around her wobbling ass as she jogged away. The tautly bound hams were enough to catch everyone's

attention as she left. The waiters all stopped to clean the table, looking curiously at the trash that was left behind.

"Did she actually order anything?" One of the waiters looked curiously at the soda cup that was very obviously not from their cafe.

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***Uurrppp***

***Ppbbffttt***

Elfuda couldn't stop passing gas, no matter how hard she tried to keep it in; every step she took was another belch or fart from her swollen body, but it made her feel better, at least. She was a mile away from the cafe and hidden in her favorite park, sitting on an isolated bench along the riverbank. Her stomach jutted over her lap like a blob, its surface having slacked, but remaining equally as large. It had seemingly gotten softer, now a blob of malleable pudding instead of a taut globe. Elfuda found herself playing with it as she enjoyed the peace of the park, listening to the babbling river and hoping that it covered up the sounds of her rumbling toots and less-than-elf-like belches.

While she sat at the bench, breathing in the sights and sounds, another sense was put on high alert. Coming from down the bank, carried by the wind, the scent of fried food wafted through the air. She opened a single eye, peeking out to see the source as her legs were already picking her up. It was like someone had tailormade a cart to prey on her very many weaknesses; just along the bank was a cart that only served deep-fried vegetables. Not just fries, but onion rings, potato spirals, and fried cucumbers. The smell was so alluring that Elfuda couldn't resist herself, not that she tried too hard. Her blubbery gut almost nodded in agreement as she bobbed her way towards the stand.

***Bawomp***

***Bawomp***

"Is there something I can help you with, miss?" Elfuda didn't even have to speak; the audible bobbing of her gut was enough to catch the clerk's attention.

"Yeah, how much is...all of this?" Her mouth was watering as she eyed the spiral french fries hanging at the side of the cart.

"Oh, well. It might be a bit pricey, but I have my stuff selling for about fifteen yen." As the clerk spoke, Elfuda could tell her Japanese was a bit strained.

"Fifteen Yen!" Elfuda clasped her hand to her mouth as she huddled away from the shop.

*Come on girl, you can handle this. It's only the best deal on french fries you've ever seen in your life. How much money do we have in the clutch?*

Elfuda paused her inner monologue to open her purse, seeing the fat stack of coins and bills in there. A normal order of fries was over a hundred yen at her favorite shops, and these were a tenth of the price.

*Okay, calm down, calm down. It's only an entire mountain of fries for the price of one. You can do this.*

Elfuda's chest was rising and falling, her subtly expanded breasts straining the seams of her shirt as she caught her breath. Trying to keep her composure.

"Look, I'll go lower, ten yen a piece, but that's it." The clerk misread Elfuda's panic as a sign of disappointment in the price.

*Eeeeeee!!!!!!!*

"DEAL! Give me three of those potato spirals and an onion ring and four boxes of fries." Elfuda saw stars in her eyes as she pulled out the necessary money, plopping it and some extra on the cart as the clerk happily made the goods.

***Ouurrrrlll***

Elfuda wiggles her butt back and forth like a lycanthrope wagging its tale, her hungry stomach growling in anticipation. Her bodyfat rolled in waves, rippling down her form like jelly as she curled her hands under her chin, waiting in anticipation as the first spiral was handed out to her. Without a second thought she grabbed the salted delicacy and took a bite, the crispy surface giving way to a thin and pillowy inside. It was delicious; before she knew it, she was done and ready for the next morsel. The clerk was in a panic; the spirals and rings were still cooking, so they gave her one of the readymade fries. Golden potato treasures that she sucked up like a vacuum; a massive wad of potato stuck out of her mouth as her lips seemingly grew to meet it. Eating it like she was a snake eating an egg, her cheeks comically bulging as she chewed and swallowed the mass. The great lump traveling down her throat and then seemingly vanishing.

There was a remarkable feeling as she ate the fries, none of the uncomfortable fullness that she felt when eating her fill as usual. Each bite she took was as airy and light as a salad, like she'd eaten cotton. Her eyes glistened as she tested this sensation, grabbing one of the heavy onion rings and shoving it in her mouth. The sweet crunch meshed with the salted batter into an explosion of flavor that made her eyes shine brighter. She wiggled back and forth,

swaying her hips merrily as she ate, her body slapping into itself in waves. The clerk was mesmerized by the hypnotic display; Efluda's body in motion was like watching the ocean ripple, watching waves crash upon the shore. Her oversized breasts jostling atop her bloated shelf of a stomach, swaying back and forth like heavy weights.

"This is heaven! I don't feel full!" Elfuda swallowed another mouthful of batter-fried treasure as she opened her purse. "Give me everything you have!"

The clerk was shocked as Elfuda emptied her entire clutch onto the stand, enough coins and bills to buy out their entire stock twice over. The clerk was amazed, horrified, and jubilant, all in one. They had just sold their entire stock within a few hours of opening.

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***Bwomp***

***Bwomp***

Back at the corner store, Kuroeda was fighting an uncomfortable wardrobe; every few minutes her pants seemed to get tighter. She swore they fit that morning, but she must have been too exhausted to notice the strain she was under, as her pants were definitely tighter. What she didn't know or realize, was that her haphazard potion's effects were running amok on her system. While Kuroeda was satisfied with a simple few pounds to ruin Elfuda's diet, the gluttonous elf didn't know what was happening. So with her seemingly endless appetite, Elfuda was packing more pounds on Kuroeda than she knew what to do with, and it was going to her least favorite spot. Kuroeda's thighs had been thickening slightly as she went through the store, thick haunches turning into blubbery hams. The increased friction burning knots away from the inner fabric of her pants as she hustled to help customers. She was so focused on her excellent service that she failed to notice the havoc her expanding ass was wreaking on the store.

Every bend to a lower shelf was met with a clatter of spilled goods behind her, her meaty cheeks bulging against the open shelf and sending the neatly stacked dry goods toppling to the ground. Her cheeks were seemingly rounding before everyone's eyes as her fluffy midriff filled out. Her gut gradually pulled her shirt from her pants, untucking it as the back rode up her bloating ass. She was morphing from a pear shape to an exaggerated bell as her hips started to join in on the action. Khaki-clad curves that bumped into displays as she moved and brushed against the tiled counter; it wasn't until she got stuck trying to get behind the checkout that she noticed the problem.

"There's no way the store shrunk while I wasn't looking." Kuroeda cursed to herself as she gripped the edges of the counter.

Her ballooning and gelatinous rear wobbled in waves as she tried to free herself from the wooden vise. Blobby buns wobbled behind her as waves of too fat an ass, rippled over the growing gap in her pants. The pert and shiny buns bubbled like pudding as she heaved her body, pulling until she was red in the face and flipping over herself. Her gelatinous ass bobbing back and forth as it stretched the seams of her pants. When she landed, it wasn't on her face, but on her new pillow of a stomach, the bunched fat cushioning her impact like an airbag as she bobbed atop of it. Kuroeda lay there in embarrassment for a moment, trying to process what had happened until she realized the customer was still waiting for her.

"Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry. A thousand pardons." Kuroeda snapped to her feet with all the speed and grace of an orc on the water.

***Bwong***

***Crash***

A patch of crimson blush spilled over Kuroeda's face as her feelings of embarrassment and humiliation tripled. Her mammoth ass had managed to catch a loose shelf behind her and launched the entire affair into the air. Bags of chips, knickknacks, and other goods toppled on top of her as she sheepishly took the customer's cash, all with a smile. She gave them a friendly and unassuming wave as she waited for them to leave view and earshot.

"What the hell is happening?!" Kuroeda shouted in frustration as she stared back at her bubbling backside.

She could see it visibly expanding as she watched, the shining planes of perfect caramel flesh bloating ever outward. It was like she was hooked to a hose or something; she could even see the crack of her ass. With an inspecting touch, she gave her blubbery rear a prod.

***Bawomp***

***Bawomp***

Her minor prod had led to minutes of continuous bobbing, flopping up and down as the hefty cheeks shook. In a rush, she rolled up the hem of her shirt, seeing it had already untucked. To her horror, she saw more fat on her stomach than was there this morning, a lot more. It was a concerning amount of pudge, enough that it was making her look like Elfuda; as she gripped her handles of flab, she could feel them blowing up in her hands. Her fingers were being pushed apart with each second; it was a nightmare.

Kuroeda panicked, unsure what to do, and still on the shift, she needed to figure something out. First things first, she needed to clean up her mess. Kuroeda bent down, reaching for the nearest bag of crackers. Trying to bend down was an endeavor; each lunge and

half-squat was like fighting a resistance band. Her already tight pants were being pushed to their limits, threads straining as she tried to reach a single bag.

***Crkkk***

"Come on." Kuroeda muttered to herself as she stretched to reach the bag of chips.

***Crkkkkk***

"Almost....There..." She was starting to sweat, her face twisting into one of strain as she reached lower.

***Riiipp***

She knew that sound; it was the sound of her gigantic ass splitting the seam of her pants; she shuddered to look back, but she could already see the damage from the checkout mirror. Like some swollen peach, her ass poked through the cracked seam; her purple and white panties were practically a thong as the patch between her legs gripped her swollen lady lips. The oversized hams bulged through the growing gap like supple dough, steadily growing from some invisible source. In slow motion Kuroeda watched her audacious booty break through the barrier. Shining round cheeks, glistening like silk as they wobbled, her every motion making them shudder in waves. Without warning, her ass breached the rest of the barrier, giving her a full booty blowout. Her bobbing booty exploded from the back of her pants, surging free from the confines. Without her shorts to constrict it, her ass almost doubled in size; two massive, chair-devouring balloons of flesh wobbled up and down.

***Bwom***

***blblbl***

***Bwom***

***Bblblbl***

Kuroeda gritted her teeth as her prolific booty bobbed up and down, rocking so hard that it threatened to topple her over. The vast stretches of flesh bunched against the countertop and curled around the edges until she was worried she'd be stuck. Her size was in the back of her mind at the moment, as she felt an unpleasant bubbling travel from her stomach to her ass. The pillowy surface pooched out, turning tight like a balloon as whatever was making her grow turned airy. She could taste grease in the back of her mouth, the tumultuous bubbling of fried food, and fried food always did a number on her stomach.

"Please don't; I'm already as big as a blimp. I'll give you new panties." Kuroeda pleaded with her ass as she felt something snaking lower.

***Bwong***

***Rmbblbb***

Kuroeda's ass almost shook in disagreement as the feeling of air crawled lower in her intestine, her flesh shaking as the pressure built. She tried to clench her stomach, keep the gas inside, but it only built into a searing pain. The continuous strain of gas compounded on itself as her ass kept growing. She reached a hand against the counter, bracing herself as she shut a single eye, gritting her teeth in preparation.

"Seriously, could you just let me ***hrrnnnghh*** stand up?" She felt another bolt of pressure and pain in her body as she pleaded with her disobedient ass.

***Bwomp***

***Bwomp***

***Bwomp***

Her stomach continued to pooch out, growing in stages like she was being filled with pressurized air. Lurching out in leaps until she looked pregnant, her shining stomach stretching the confines of her shirt as gas built. Despite her efforts to hold it in, the pressure was too much, and her ass, while large, was incredibly weak.

***Bbwwoooooooooooooooooffffppppbbbb***

The gas exiting her ass echoed through the store like an oversized tuba or a foghorn, a pressurized blast of gas that kicked up her hair and made her cheeks clap from the force. She hoped it was over, but the dam was broken now, and her ass was ready to cut loose. The growing peaches slapped each other in waves, rippling like seas of pudding as her rampaging expulsion roared. She bit her lip as the force of the gas stimulated her muscles; she could feel her nethers quivering from the odd sensation, almost making her collapse. She didn't want to admit that it felt kind of good as she ripped ass harder than she ever had before. The gas just kept going and going, flowing from her in a stupendous gale until her taut stomach softened.

***Bbrrrt***

***Frrrtttt***

***Pbbbbffftttt***

Her roaring winds turned into a sputtering fart, her massive cheeks clapping into each other and cutting off the spurts of gas. Kuroeda's face just kept twisting in embarrassment, growing redder and redder until she couldn't take it anymore.

"Please close up for me!" Kuroeda shouted in embarrassment as she leapt over the counter.

***Rip***

Kuroeda didn't bother to look back as her thighs split the sides of her pants when she landed, her heavy ass making her drop so low that it touched the floor. Those soft dumpling cheeks bounced off the tile as she ran through the door.

***bwong***

***Brrrtt***

***bwong***

***Fffrrttt***

***Bwong***

Her ass swung behind her like a doughy wrecking ball, colliding into shelves and knocking into displays. Every swing of her gelatinous cheeks was another bit of gas, her exertion upsetting her stomach as she left. The clapping of her cheeks and the farts slipping from her ass made her sound like an out-of-tune car as she ran back to her apartment.

Back in the shop, her little familiar was dutifully cleaning up, carefully rearranging the ass-stricken goods and attending to any customers.

-----  
"***Phewwww*** Now that! Hit the spot!" Elfuda sighed in relief as she sat in a mountain of sticks and discarded cartons.

"Where did it all go?" The clerk looked blankly at the blubbery whale before him.

Elfuda hadn't grown at all since she started eating; all of the food seemingly vanished down her gullet like she was a pit. Now she lay on her blobby ass with a hand on her stomach, patting it enthusiastically. She wasn't full; she still didn't feel like she'd eaten anything, but she was tired. All of her rampant gluttony had made her too tired to even get up, feeling like she'd just run a mile.

"Will you have more tomorrow?" Elfuda opened her eyes, peering up at the exasperated clerk in front of her.

"She's a black hole. There's no end to her. If I don't feed her, she'll devour the world." The clerk was having a crisis of faith as he tried to process Elfuda's question. "Yeah, I'll have more. I'll be here at the same time tomorrow."

"That's so awesome. **Yawwwn**" Elfuda stretched her arms wide, her shirt riding up her bloated stomach as she did. "Man, I'm sleepy."

Elfuda took a couple steps away from the cart before plopping down on her fat ass, the impact sending a tremor through the ground and making her blobby body jiggle. She found a soft patch to lie down on and went to sleep; her outdoorsy nature meant she had no hangups about sleeping outside.

***Snoooooogggghh***

***Choooooo***

Her massive stomach rose and fell like a great mountain, her shirt riding further up her gut, revealing the supple flesh of her underboob. She was completely unaware of what was happening to her as she passed into wonderland, but Kuroeda was completely aware.

-----

A few weeks had passed, and Kuroeda was no better for wear; she'd realized the folly of her spell as soon as she got home that night. The clandestine, stuck pages had unfurled the moment she walked in. The potion she'd created was a mutual gain potion; whenever one of the imbibers ate, the other would get the effects. Which meant that that glutton Elfuda would never feel full, meaning she could stuff herself until Kuroeda was sick. Kuroeda had tried to fix her mistake multiple times, but she'd fail as soon as she started. Whenever she put on her magical garments, they snapped off immediately. It got to the point that she couldn't even summon them; leather straps would wrap around her immense ass, and the g-string would dig into her swollen pelvis until it blew into smithereens. Kuroeda had practically given up on it; now she just had to hope her malformed potion had an expiration date or make Elfuda so fat that she gave up.

***Bwong***

***Bawomp***

***Baboing***

Kuroeda was currently walking her chunky self down the street towards her favorite bakery; it was about her only solace in this little endeavor, a little all-you-can-eat cake buffet. She would go there each morning, passing by the shop to see how her familiar was doing while tending the store. She was far too large to work there anymore; the cramped architecture of the Japanese corner store was not meant to hold such a large frame, and she was large with a capital L.

Her already generous hips were now mammoth curves of pure fat, haunches so wide and all-encompassing that she could rest plates on them. Bubbles of immense fat poured into jeans she'd ordered from American shops. Each one of her massive and blubbery flanks was as large as a couch, big enough that she took up the entire sidewalk when she walked. They made her look like a parody of a dark elf, the kind of brood mother talked about in myth. Even when wrapped in the strongest of fabric, they still managed to jiggle. Wind catching them at odd angles and sending ripples running through the gelatinous expanses.

"Umm, miss? Could you turn a little? It's a bit hard to get by." Some poor foreigner pointed to Kuroeda with blushing cheeks and watery eyes, like talking was a point of contention for her.

"I can move over a little, but turning won't help too much." Kuroeda hated to admit how fat she had gotten.

"What do you mean?" The girl asked the question so bashfully and innocently that Kuroeda knew she couldn't explain.

### ***Bwomp***

Kuroeda swung her body around, turning sideways like any person would, but she was not wrong about her profile. Kuroeda somehow had more depth than she had width, her pillowy gut scraping against the shop wall like a blob. It looked large from the front, but seeing the side profile made the true scope of her stomach more apparent. It was an avalanche of flab wrapped in a tight t-shirt. The blue cotton barely covered the hanging folds of fat, as the lower hangs of her gut peeked out from the hem like two pouches. Those pouches were large enough to fill the girl's hands if she grabbed ahold of them, but they tapered into a much larger balloon of a stomach. Kuroeda's blimped gut was large enough to fill the backseat of a car, a jostling balloon of fat that was both round and soft. It rolled over itself as she finished turning, struggling to keep it from launching her into the street. The massive blimp of a stomach could easily conceal the hood of a car, maybe hide a bicycle or two. It was a swollen ball of sculpted blubber created by her rival's proclivity for fried foods.

"Oh...well...maybe if you took a step back?" the girl looked sheepishly.

Kuroeda didn't answer, instead taking a couple steps back, enough that there was room for the girl to pass, but then showed off the other problem that created.

***Hoonkk***

***Hooonkkkk***

***Bwomp***

Kuroeda's massive ass was now a traffic jam, massive balloons of fat that jutted off her rear like blimps. Wrapped in jeans that were shrinking with each minute that went by, her red panties a mere string amongst the planes of pudding flesh. Calling her dumpling ass these days was a bit of a misnomer, almost a compliment, unless you were talking about dumplings made for giants. The gelatinous buns were like giant airbags, cushions of fat that could stop anything in their tracks. Currently, her oversized rear was jutting so far off the sidewalk that one of the cars on the street hit it. The force of the vehicle wasn't enough to make it budge, only shake and wobble as Kuroeda looked at the girl with a disinterested glance. She'd become immune to embarrassment at her own size at this point; she was a whale and a parade float, something to be gawked at.

"Sorry, scuse me. Pardon me." the girl excused herself as she squeezed by Kuroeda's stomach.

***Slosh***

***Bwomp***

***Glunk***

The girl pressed her hands into the pillowy expanse as she squeezed by, each touch was like placing her hands on rubber. Kuroeda's massive gut squeaking under her touch as she slid past her.

Kuroeda sighed as the girl managed to clear the circumference of her body, letting the girl turn around. Her wobbling ass brushed the car back as she made her way towards the cake shop, taking heavy and weary steps as she did. The trip was short, but she was so heavy that it exhausted her. Sweat pooled in her double chin and wetted her exposed cleavage; her wobbling breasts seemed so small compared to the rest of her. Only the size of melons, they bobbed up and down as her gut sloshed; they pushed in her face as she entered the shop.

***Bingbong***

"Welcome...oh...Do you need some help?" the girl at the front desk paused as she saw Kuroeda's massive body get stuck in the frame.

***Bingbong***

"No, I can *hnnnn* get it." Kuroeda was rocking back and forth on her heels, making the shop door sensor go off repeatedly.

### ***Bingbong***

Her body kept heaving and swaying as she pried her massive hips from the frame, pulling each fatty berg out one at a time. The massive ass creaked with motions as she pulled the masses through the frame. It was the same effort each time, the doorframe bowing out a little further each time she extricated herself from metal rails.

"Okay, we're free. Now let's get some cake." Kuroeda huffed to herself, paying the waitress her normal fee, plus the overcharge.

Kuroeda was so large that she took up two seats, so she had to pay like she was two people; luckily she ate like she was four of them. With her table secured, Kuroeda walked over to the buffet line, pulling a whole cake from it and digging in. Her blubbery ass sank over her twin chairs, hips sagging like blimps as she devoured the cake. The sweet taste was the perfect pick-me-up in the morning, her little reprieve before the beast woke up. Kuroeda dug her spoon into the creamy affair, letting the springy cake roll in her mouth before swallowing. It was immensely sweet, fantastic to experience. She took spoonful after spoonful, biting down on the sugared fruits as she enjoyed her morning. She knew that all of this heavy cream would do a number on that fiend's stomach and wake her from whatever torpor she was engaged in.

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### ***Hhoouuuurrrrrppp***

"What a good sleep. " Elfuda yawned as she stretched wildly, her thundering belch acting like an alarm clock.

She had fallen asleep in the middle of her favorite fast food joint after an all-night potato binge. It wasn't the first time, and surely wouldn't be the last; she'd taken a liking to certain restaurants, and with the inability to get full, she often ate until she passed out. It was a peaceful life, but one that was filled with disparaging glares and constant prods.

***Bwop***

***Bwop***

"Heheheh, that tickles." Elfuda batted away at whatever was impacting her backside.

***Bwop***

## ***Bwop***

One of the employees was doing the morning task of sweeping the floors, a task made far more tedious when there was an iceberg of fat in the center of the room. The befuddled employee was using the broom as a lift, sweeping it under Elfuda's massive folds and getting out the crumbs from yesterday's meals. Each nudge of the broom made Elfuda's blobby body jiggle and made her let out a disgruntled moan.

"I'm sorry miss, but I have to clean; we're about to open." The clerk seemed remarkably apologetic for dealing with someone who decided to sleep in the middle of their floor.

"It's quite alright; I need to get up for breakfast." Elfuda waved away the comment as she slowly rose to her full height.

Normally, a store would kick someone out for sleeping on their floor, but that was a task easier said than done. As the only way Elfuda was leaving anyplace was by her own power or a bulldozer, as she had gotten remarkably fat. Kuroeda's little stuffing sessions had a remarkable and prolific effect on Elfuda's figure. She had ballooned into a wobbling mountain of an elf; her footsteps shook the ground when she walked, and her blubbery thighs barely fit in her pants.

Unlike Kuroeda, who did her best to remain somewhat respectable during her gaining journey, Elfuda had no such desire. Something easily seen by the state of her clothes and the amount of bare skin she was showing.

"***Yawwwn*** Let's see what's on the menu for today." Elfuda lazily scratched her stomach as she yawned, looking up at a menu that never changed.

The expanse of stomach she itched jiggled wildly as her fingers ran across it, only able to get the smallest part of her side stomach. Elfuda's gut had become an absolute blimp of fat, a blob of cream-colored flesh that rippled with pure fat like it was waterbed. From just the navel to her lovehandles, her gut was large enough to enter rooms before she did. A towering blimp of fat that jutted out from her midriff and fell down over her knees. The weighty balloon was a mixture of round and flabby. There were folds that fell upon each other, uneven lumps where fat had collected before others. She was a wobbling ridge of gelatin until you got to the curve of her stomach; that's where it became a rounded balloon. Just above the great belt of her exposed gut, draped in cloth so tight that it was see-through, was the mountain of her upper gut. A filling and bloating sphere of flab, food, and gas.

## ***Bwump***

## ***Bblbblb***

"Oh no, it's happening again." One of the cashiers looked in dread as they saw Elfuda's gut begin to bloat.



***Hurrrrp***

***Ooouurrrp***

It was already starting, belches were rolling out of her mouth as her bloated stomach expanded, billowing out like a balloon. The cashiers could see her body billowing out, not just her gut. Down below, the green-clad trunks of bubbling fat were starting to bloat, gradually inching out and making her stand even wider. She already had to stand wide to accommodate her oversized stomach as it sagged towards the ground, but now she was doing it unconsciously. Her thighs were pressing into each other, their billowing fat rubbing and twisting around each other as the tapered haunches expanded. She was technically curvy, but in the same way a bag of potatoes had curves. Her massive hips and ass were like massive tracts of blubber, huge and sagging mounds that tapered in an odd curve. Folded and bunched flesh was outlined by her tight pants, making her look like she was overpacked. Alongside her massive hips and thighs, her lovehandles were seeming to expand, bloating in thick bands of fat that made it look like she had a truck tire under her skin. It was a bloated wrap of fat that merged into the folds of her gut and completed the scope of her mass.

***Bwimg***

***Bwimg***

As the smell of frying potatoes filled the air, Elfuda began to wiggle back and forth, her pudding-like body wobbling like a blob as she waited for her treat. Each swing of her hips sent her whole body swaying like a blob, her distended stomach brushing against the metal counter. Each pass of her gut made an audible squeak as her enveloping fat slid over the counter, a creeping wave of flab.

"Umm, miss. Could you take a step back? You're bending the counter." The cashier poked Elfuda's wobbling gut as its heavy weight made the metal sag.

"Oh, i'm....***bwwooooooullloorr***" Elfuda couldn't really give an adequate response as her stomach leapt out, and a rippling belch broke from her lips.

Her stomach leapt out, her shirt riding up over her bare gut as it slammed into the poor clerk on the other side of the counter. Back in the kitchen the chefs were working hard, already passing the first sack of snacks over to Elfuda.

"Please, enjoy this treat away from the counter. We'll bring the rest to you." The beleaguered clerk looked at Elfuda as the elf happily took her starter.

-----

"Now that hit the spot." Kuroeda smiled to herself as she chewed.

She'd just swallowed a particularly large slice of cake, so large that she almost had to unhinged her jaw to git it in. It was a luxurious slice of chocolate cream cake, an imported delight that made her hum in happiness. There was something nice about eating so recklessly.

***Oourlll***

"Oh no. She got breakfast." Kuroeda frowned as she felt her stomach bubble.

There was a gassy tension that proliferated through her midriff, a bubbling sensation that crawled down her torso and settled low. She knew what was about to happen; she could see her stomach start to bloat. The highest curve of her stomach parting the tiny cups of her breasts, pushing them away from each other. Kuroeda's lip curled over itself as she got up from her chair. Her slowly bloating rear bouncing as she stood up, she needed to get her next cake before the storm hit. She couldn't gas the patrons this early in the morning, but she knew that would be unavoidable.

***Gnnnn***

When she took her first step, there was a groan from her body, a bubbling in her gut as her stomach tensed. Kuroeda stretched out her foot, extending it in a slight tiptoe.

***Fffrrrrr***

It was like that subtle stretch was ramping into the gaseous whistle; the tiny stream of gas seeping from her voluminous ass rose into a trumpet as she took the next step.

***Rrrtttttttt***

Kuroeda sighed, walking like a normal person as her flabby ass clapped against itself, swaying back and forth like wrecking balls.

***Ffrrtttttttt***

***Bwooong***

***Pppbbbfsttt***

***Bwomp***

In the few steps it took to reach the buffet rack, her flabby body had already billowed out, her form burgeoning with each step. Her wide hips bumping off her hands as she carried herself to the buffet, the bottom of her bulbous gut knocking into the buffet as she stepped. The

blustering winds from her ass kept slipping out, rolling cascades of gas that shook the room. Kuroeda could feel the disdainful grimaces of the other guests as she walked by, her uncouth gas being out of place in such a frilly environment. She thought she'd be used to those reactions by now, but that wasn't the case. She tried to sheepishly collect her cake before anything too devastating happened.

"She's only been up for ten minutes; how can she already be this full?" Kuroeda gritted her teeth as she felt her stomach bump the bottom of her plate.

---

***Ommoooooollwwmmm***

***"Omph*** You didn't ***nomph*** tell me about these smoothies." Elfuda's mouth was pried wide open as the brave cashiers hoisted a bucket up to it.

She was talking between bites as she sucked down the frozen liquid being funneled into her stomach. Two employees were needed to hoist up the overfilled bucket, pouring a frozen pink concoction down her throat. The steady stream only stopped when she took bites of her fried potato delights. Elfuda merrily took huge swallows of the concoction as the rest of her food was brought out. Piles and piles of bagged fried foods, wraps of seasoned and sauced potatoes, along with the mortal delight known as hash browns. Something so sumptuous and delightful that they were almost as good as french fries themselves. Elfuda happily drank her drink and ate her small breakfast as the bags piled up.

"Here you go, miss. Everything you ordered and a bit more. We hope you have a nice day.

Elfuda looked in surprise as the clerks stopped pouring the smoothie down her throat and planted a lid on the top, sticking a straw through the lid. Elfuda was still obliviously eating, still unsure of what the clerks wanted. She was so wrapped up in her food that she didn't notice she was being herded like a cow, being slowly brushed towards the door. Pushes and nudges unconsciously leading her out of the store as she picked at the food in her bags. The mountains of bags had been stacked on each other with a catering tray, a handle attached to make her life a bit easier.

"Just a little bit more; she's almost out." The clerks whispered quietly to themselves as they ferried Elfuda out the door.

***Bwonggg***

***Bwong***

"That's weird, I'm too big to get out." Elfuda cocked her head as she felt her gut bounce her back.

She rebounded off of the metal frame; the door had gotten too small to fit her distended gut through it. The clerks were almost knocked from their feet as her bulbous ass came sailing back at them, but they held strong. Flows of ass fat smushed against their faces as they tried to stop the mountain from crushing them. Their arms quivered in strain as they fought against the blubberball and pushed her back.

***Bwong***

***Bwoourrrpp***

***Bwoong***

Elfuda's fat body rocked back and forth on her heels, her drink sloshing back and forth as she took long sips from the straw, almost ignorant of the fact she was moving. Her free hand was pulling out another potato wrap, shoveling the fried delicacy down her craw. Each impact on her bulbous gut seemed to be forcing more gas from her stomach, eliciting belches from her fat lips. Unknown to them, those belches were wholly unrelated to their current predicament, something Kuroeda was experiencing personally.

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***PppbbbfTTTT***

***crkkkkkk***

***FfrTTTTTTTT***

"What is going on over there?" Kuroeda whispered to herself as she shoveled a slice of cake in her mouth.

Her ass was blowing gas repeatedly, like someone was hugging the massive blimps and pushing the air from them. The threads of her jeans strained, pushing apart as her flabby ass seeped through the gaps in her chair. The repeated gusts frayed the carpet beneath her as her ass sagged between the chairs. Her precariously lowering cheeks got closer to the floor as her massive rear expanded. The flows of bubbling fat seeped over the edges of the chair, almost swallowing them whole as her ass continued to grow. Her stomach bumped into the table as she ate, so bloated that she couldn't even reach the table. She had to rest her massive chignon atop her expansive stomach, gradually adjusting to make sure her breasts stayed out of the icing.

Kuroeda could feel the chair creaking below her, the metal bowing as the pound kept piling on. The looks she garnered from the staff were mortifying; she just had to hope this little bout of gas would clear. She could feel the waist of her pants digging into her supple curves, the vast pool of rippling flesh getting more visible as her jeans stretched. The gap between her body and the curve of her ass only grew as those meaty mounds expanded. Her hips kept flaring out, turning into wider and wider bells of blubber that were being cinched by the table legs.

***Biblblbl***

***Grnnnn***

"That doesn't sound good." Kuroeda slid her cake on the table as she looked down at her stomach.

The avalanche of flab was starting to wobble and tense, depressing like there was a weight pressing on it. With the added weight and pressure, she felt a gust traveling lower in her stomach, planting a searing pain in her pelvis. Despite how much gas she was passing, despite how big she was growing, something larger was coming. It was a great and terrible wave that burned at her insides and made her shudder. She doubled over her stomach, the feeling of pressure growing greater as her body expanded. Her stomach bunched over itself like dough as the feeling kept mounting.

"Please no." Kuroeda was almost pleading with her stomach at that point.

***Bubblbbl***

The bubbling retort of her stomach was the closest thing to a negative affirmation that she could receive.

"Maybe, just hold off? Like let it go away?" she pleaded again.

***Grnnnn***

Kuroeda's stomach groaned a low response as her pleas fell on an unfeeling monster of a stomach. The gassy pressure kept pushing lower and lower, adding weight like cannonballs were being queued up.

***Bibl***

***Grnnnn***

"***Rrnnnnn*** This sucks! Why did I mess up that potion like that?" Kuroeda cursed under her breath as she felt her body begin to billow.

***Bompp***

***Fwoomp***

Every second she held her gas in only made the feeling worse, her heavy ass pulsing out, bending the metal of her chair as the legs began to creak. Her voluminous cheeks flowed down to the floor, as her wide load got wider. She shuddered to think how hard her trip outside was going to be.

***Crack***

***Snap***

***Crash***

The chair gave way, the legs buckling under her and sending her entire ass crashing down on the floor.

***Bawomp***

***Bawomp***

Kuroeda rocked back and forth on her swollen cheeks, the impact making them slosh like a waterbed as she tried to get her balance. The crash was loud enough to draw the attention of everyone in the buffet, which made this whole thing even more poorly timed.

***Rmbblbb***

***PppwwwwwoooooooooooooffffpppppTTTTT***

It was a fart so loud and fierce that it stripped the dye from the carpet, a bellowing siren that drowned out the outside noise. Her raucous expulsion immediately changed the air pressure and made the room heavy with gas. The hurricane gale was searing a hole through her jeans, wearing away at the seams, turning the blue fabric white. Her blimping cheeks only made the sound more intense, her jeans doing little to muffle the gas.

"Sorry everyone, it'll be over in a few minutes...I hope." Kuroieda tried to give the other guests some reassurance, but not even she believed what she was selling.

Wind whipped up all around her, the gale whipping against her cheeks, turning the ocean of flabby flesh into a tidal pool. The non-stop eruption just kept growing and mounting, like someone was putting her insides in a clamp. She doubled over herself again as the gale mounted in ferocity. Through strained eyes and gritted teeth, she reached for the cake in front of her; if Elfuda was going to make her suffer, then she'd do the same.

---

"Just...a...little...more" The manager rallied her crew as they all pushed into a mountain of elf ass.

Elfuda's monolithic gut was almost through the door; she was caught in the lurch now, the door too narrow to accommodate her hips but just large enough for progress to be made. Her pants were slowly slipped from her hips, being pulled down past her weighty hips and revealing more of her rippling body to the gathering crowd. The store was late for their breakfast rush; Elfuda had gotten stuck right at their opening hour and had been there for over half an hour, but the exhausted staff persisted. Pushing harder and harder, going red in the face until they finally got her out.

### *Plop*

Elfuda sprang free from the door with an unflattering pop, her track pants being pulled down to her knees and showing off her french fry-patterned panties. Her blubbery cheeks wobbled in the air as she flopped down on her stomach. Luckily for her food, her gut had little room to go when she fell, simply tipping forward onto the massive blob. She wobbled back and forth for a moment, absentmindedly sucking on her smoothie before she hobbled up to her feet. Her expanding stomach scraped across her knees as she shimmied her pants up, her gelatinous folds flopping about like custard.

"Thanks for all the help! I'll be here tomorrow!" Elfuda waved absentmindedly as she planted the bucket of smoothie between her pillowy breasts.

Happy as a clam, Elfuda marched her way down to the park, stopping by every food stall and every shop she could fit into. Eating her fried potatoes while sampling other fried goods, with how little hunger she felt, she obviously wasn't eating enough. She greedily crammed food down her maw, watching in wonder as her gut grew without her having eaten. Even without any kind of input, her stomach was swelling, inflating as she passed down the streets. Too wrapped up in her food to pay attention to people, she forced people to move out of her way. The blubbery boulder kept swelling, dragging along the ground as it crept past the confines of her shirt. A drape of pondering fat dragged the mammoth orb down, curling against the sidewalk and tickling Elfuda as she gorged herself.

She was like a barreling battering ram, her gut plowing the street of people as they collided and latched on to her stomach. The pace she could move that bulging orb was impressive to say the least, almost light as a feather. Occasionally she'd get stuck on corners or trapped between light poles, but nothing a little bit of a shove couldn't fix. Before she could make it to the park, something else caught her attention and her hunger. The buffet of fried tubers would have to wait, as she'd been pulled away by something else. A food stall was set across the street, one that wasn't there before, one that fit her needs perfectly. It was an almost

lonely stall, one with only a single word across its banner: Tempura. Elfuda couldn't help herself, shoving the last of her wraps down her throat as she approached. Her bulging stomach nearly knocked the stall over as she approached.

"Hey, Hey, careful there. This isn't exactly a stable residence." The girl behind the counter panicked as she saw the massive blimp part her curtains.

"Sorry, I just saw tempura and came to see what you served. This place isn't too busy, compared to the other stands." Elfuda looked absentmindedly at the chef as she stood proudly.

"That's because they don't know good taste. Serving meat, serving broccoli, who needs that fancy stuff when you have the simple sweet potato." The chef pulled out a single purple vegetable, one that Elfuda had never seen before.

"What's a sweet potato?" Elfuda's ignorance was impressive, as she looked at the purple tuber in amazement.

"What's a sweet potato?! Are you crazy?! Here. I'll whip one up for you, on the house." The chef nearly fell from her stall as she looked at Elfuda like she had two heads.

Elfuda nodded in confusion as she watched the chef blitz around her kitchen, moving from chopping to battering and then to the fry. The bubbling oil mixed with the batter and fried it into a golden coating that made it look like a french fry. The smell was different from french fries, the sound it made was different, and that made Elfuda suspicious. She looked at the cooling slices with suspicion as the chef pushed them forward.

"Go on, take a bite. It's free." The chef looked pleased as punch as Elfuda reached for the fried slice.

It was thick and crunchy, but the inside was just as fluffy as the french fries she'd grown to love, but with an added sweetness. It felt like she was eating candy in vegetable form, a wondrous creation from the mortal world. Elfuda couldn't contain herself as she shoveled the whole tray into her mouth. Taking bite after bite before pulling out her pocket book, one that had somehow endured the tribulations of gluttonous excess. Elfuda emptied it out on the counter in excitement.

"Give me however much this will get me." Elfuda's voice was innocent and bubbly as the chef nodded in agreement.

The chef was too excited with the new customer to notice her constantly expanding form. While she waited for the food to get ready, Elfuda's mammoth stomach had been growing, billowing out in front of her like a blimp, taking up the entire storefront. If any customers wanted to try out an all-sweet-potato stand, they wouldn't have a chance, as they were blocked by belly. Her gradually growing ass crept over her pants like a blob, curling under and over the wooden

counter, holding it in place. Before she could passively overwhelm the stand, she was presented with three trays of the golden-fried dish. Potatoes that she ate without thinking, piling them in her throat one after the other. She was eating with both hands, fistfuls of fried potatoes that disappeared down her bloating stomach.

"Wow, I don't think I've seen anyone go at them like that before." The chef stood with her hands on her hips, watching the bubbling leviathan before her.

"They're so good I can't get enough." Elfuda was speaking through mashed food as she sloppily ate her sweet potatoes.

"Luckily I got more than enough for them. And don't worry about the rumors; I've been eating those things for decades, and I don't get any extra gas." The chef patted her stomach with assurance as she whipped up the next batch.

---

***Fppppbbbt***

***Brrrtttt***

***Bpppppppttt***

Kuroeda was suffering; her stomach felt tight as a balloon, and she couldn't stop farting: her gas was so airy and frequent that she'd torn clean through her panties. The small hole had ripped asunder and turned into a giant chasm of elf ass. Each of her bubbling buns shook with her expansive gas, making her trip home all the more difficult. Kicked out of the cake store for indecent exposure, she suffered the humiliation of being the city's mobile gas blimp. The fat around her midriff had been pulled so tight that she looked like an actual balloon, her caramel bump wobbling with her steps as her ass dragged across the cement. Each airy burst kicked up dust and blew women's skirts from their waists. She was a menace, a walking disaster and the source of everyone's ire. She needed to get home, secure herself in her fortress, and just be away from all of this. The only consolation she got for all this humiliation is the cake shop gave her a coupon for free milkshakes to compensate for the fact that she was not allowed to eat all she could eat. So she was currently suckling an oversized novelty shake, one that wasn't meant to be consumed by a normal person.

***Bwwwwooooopp***

***Bwomp***

***Fffffrrrrrrbbbbbbbt***

***Bawomp***

It was a milkshake poured into an industrial bucket, a trash can-sized container filled to the brim with unctuous chocolate dessert. Each sip she took was another jiggle of her gut and another fart from her ass. She shuddered to think that she'd managed to sync up with a glutton like Elfuda, but it's what had happened. The steps she took got heavier as she worked to empty the bucket, sucking down the frozen treat with no regard for headspace or brainfreeze. She'd muscle through it to deal with the humiliation of being shunned from her favorite shop.

"How much longer can this go on? If I keep growing like this, I might just burst." Kuroeda sighed as she looked at her apartment.

---

"Come ooon, what's going on over there? How can she still be this hungry!" Kuroeda cursed herself as she felt her ass press into the back of her wall.

***Ppbbrrrpptt***

***Hooouuuurrrrrrrpp***

***Grllgggl***

***Blblblblbl***

It had been months since she'd been kicked from the cakeshop and had to deal with constant growth and backside eruptions. She was too heavy to move at this point; her bloated rear and thighs were like vast oceans of flesh, immense and overwhelming, only dwarfed by her stomach. Her overflowing stomach pushed out between her legs like a wave, a blimp of titanic proportions that was tall enough to obscure her view. She couldn't see over it anymore and had to sit herself sidesaddle to even watch TV. It was a massive and undulating leviathan of flab that curved upwards over her head, rising in a peak that she couldn't see the end of. The best she could do was shake it and make it feel what it knocked over to gauge its size. She had a beast attached to her torso; the constant bubbling and growling of her stomach made it seem like a rabid hound. The growling and the frothing were only aggravated by the tempestuous gusts that poured out from her backside. Vegetatious farts that rippled the massive hills behind her and added to the atmospheric pressure inside of her apartment. It was getting so bad that every time a delivery driver opened the door, they were nearly blown away by the rush of gas.

She was at least thankful for food delivery, as it was the only way she could keep up with whatever Elfuda was doing these days. Kuroeda had to scour the internet to try and find signs of the bloated elf, and each picture at least showed her that the elf was losing. Her massive body looked taut in most of the pictures, but they never gave a broad picture. Most of those photos

were from her being kicked out of eating establishments or the fire department having to saw her from a door frame.

***Bwomp***

***Bwomp***

Kuroeda felt her stomach surge out again, the blimped surface wobbling like jelly as it crashed into her couch, almost knocking against the wall before rebounding back into her. She at least had the comfort that her stomach wasn't trapping her in place yet, save for it trapping her inside of her apartment. The worst part was when she felt her own farts billow up her backside and blow her hair. Sending the silver locks flying into the air with each gust, sometimes the force would be enough to make her ass smack into the back of her head. She'd tried to use her spells to help alleviate some of it, but she couldn't get a single incantation in. Even with newly tailored garments, she simply burst right out of them. The desperation was getting to her; she didn't want to be trapped as a gassy whale, unable to leave her apartment. It had come down to a last resort, a final arrow to pop the elf balloon.

"Today is gonna be the day. I'll finally get rid of that blob." Kuroeda muttered to herself as she watched her delivery order.

The truck had parked, and she could hear the thudding footsteps of deliverymen hauling something across the pavement. She didn't want to resort to eliminating her rival, but it was the only way at this point. If Elfuda kept eating, she'd blow Kuroeda to pieces.

"Delivery for misses....is there anyone here?" The deliveryman stopped as he opened the door, only to be greeted by an undulating wall of flesh.

"Yeah, there is; I'm right here." Kuroeda shouted over her own body, trying to make it move, prove that she was in fact a living blob. "Damn it, just...just hold on to something."

***Rglglglg***

Kuroeda's exaggerated wave had gotten the attention of the delivery drivers, but it had also angered something inside of her gut. The heaving beast began to bubble as another terrible tempest of gas blew from her rear.

***Bbbwwwwwwrrrrrrrrpppppppttt***

It was a blustering gale born of her own body, one strong enough to clap her massive cheeks and to send whipping winds throughout her apartment. Gales strong enough to blow away the burly deliverymen, at least if they weren't braced against her delivery. The giant cardboard box was taller than they were and took four of them to even move. They waited out

the storm, pushing the monolithic package through her door and setting it next to her ponderous ass.

"Excuse me." Kuroeda sheepishly excused her outburst as the men got to work.

Packing flew about the room, cardboard sitting in tatters before one of the men gathered the scraps. As they worked, Kuroeda began to feel the cold steel of machinery against her flesh; she couldn't see over her own body, so she had to have confidence that it was the correct piece, something confirmed when they handed her a hose. A long and spiraling hose laced with silver wire, and a pressure controlled nozzle at the front. Soon, the work began to cease and the noise of locomotion was replaced with a mechanical hum, the ice cream machine was working.

"Oh, and in case you needed it. The red button cuts the flow; the white button increases it." The man was practically in Kuroeda's face as he motioned towards the buttons.

She stood frozen, only nodding blankly as the instruction went in one ear and out the other; she cursed having such a cute delivery man. Her mind went completely blank when she felt someone so cute get close to her in her engorged state. Her paralysis lasted until the deliverymen had shown themselves out, leaving her alone with her ice cream machine.

"Well, if this doesn't do it, then nothing will." Kuroeda sighed as she looked at the nozzle before sticking it in her mouth.

Holding the device past her lips, she flicked the switch, pressing it until it clicked. The latch stuck, and she felt the rush of frosted dairy flood her mouth. It was a cheap chocolate, something you'd only get when buying ice cream in bulk, but it was satisfying. An addictively sweet rush that bulged her throat and deposited itself inside of her stomach. She kept gulping, the pit deep in her body never filling as she poured ice cream into it.

***Gulp***

***Gulp***

***Gulp***

***Bwomp***

***Bwomp***

***Bwomp***

Her rhythmic swallows were met with the gradual bulging of her own stomach, the curve closest to her tightening with each swallow. She couldn't get over how well-timed her and Elfuda's

meals had become. It seemed like every time she ate, the other was also eating, but this wasn't true. This time, something was amiss with Elfuda.

---

***Urrpp***

***Hooourrrrpp***

***Boooooouwwwwwww***

Elfuda lay on her back, her tightening stomach rising high in the air above her as she expelled liters of pent-up gas. She was like a beached whale, floating in the local waterpark, her blubbery body acting as its own raft. There were flashes of events, small glimpses of memory that told her about what she did the night prior; most of it was eating. She remembered glutting herself on an all-you-can-eat yakiniku, but something felt off; she felt full. When she ate that night, she felt her stomach finally filling, the weight of her meal bearing down upon her like iron. It was enough to give her pause, but then came a food coma that knocked her senseless, which is what led her to where she was now.

***Oouurrllll***

***Grrlllll***

Her stomach jostled above her like a great and looming mountain, a mound of fat too large to even resemble something human. It looked like a fixture of the landscape, an attraction for guests to climb and play on. Her fat folds pooled around her sides, great flows of fat that settled on the concrete, pulled away from her overblown stomach. The cream-colored flesh was taking on a peachy hue in parts, the immense stress and strain of her growing stomach made her gut balloon pat the fat folds. Stretch marks had been forming along the expanse of her stomach, pale canyons that spiderwebbed their way up her stomach, centering at the navel. Her stomach howled in discomfort, crying like a wounded beast in its den. A low and rolling cry that echoed throughout the park, repeating on end as it shifted from the load being poured in.

***Brump***

***Bomp***

Her stomach wobbled slightly as it lurched out, repeatedly growing outward as some mysterious force filled it. Inside of her stomach, the contents were roiling and churning, tumbling over themselves. The rumbling contents forced more bassy belches from her gullet, making them erupt like foghorns on the sea. Her constant squalls managed to send ripples through her oversized bust as she lay on her back. Each one of her fat-laden tits was as large as a person, maybe larger. Flowing bergs of fat that were only contained by a shirt held together by hope and

miracles. Her grease-branded t-shirt was stretched so thin that the kanji on it barely looked like Kanji; instead it resembled distorted pink lines that were impossible to read. Her overblown bust was so engorged that her shirt dug down into her cleavage, perfectly outlining those meaty mammarys. Their overfilled surface wobbled with each breath she took, with each belch that passed over their surface. Even trapped in the prison of cloth, they were perfectly mobile blimps of flesh that were currently sagging over her face.

***Fppppptttt***

***bwoooooowwwwpppp***

***Crkkkkkkkk***

To her surprise, a small fart slipped from her gargantuan backside; she had somehow avoided farting during her entire gluttonous affair, but now one slipped out. Shortly afterwards, a thundering and rolling belch escaped her mouth, lingering long enough to make her double chins quake. Elfuda was ignorant to her predicament, but that fart was to signal how incredibly packed she was. Gas that normally was fine exiting up top was getting forced down below, and that strain was making her creak. Despite the expansive softness of her hips, the great and crashing waves of flesh that spread over the concrete, she was running out of room. Her back was forced into an arch by the blubber-clad balloons she called an ass; each one was as big around as a yoga ball. Her massive tree-trunk thighs squirmed as she languished in her own fullness, their lopsided curves too full to be considered legs. Massive refrigerators of fat that happened to have feet attached to them; her toes curled with each quiver of her stomach. The feeling of tightness made her instinctively recoil, try and grab hold of something for stability.

***Bwomp***

***Bwomp***

***Rmbblblblblb***

She couldn't comprehend it, couldn't understand what was happening to her; she was still growing, her stomach still ratcheting out like it was hooked to a pump. Every one of those lurches in size sent more quakes of pressure throughout her body, her overtaxed form struggling to hold together under the strain. At the back of her throat, she could taste sugar and cream, something that only confounded her more. The back of her throat felt cold and frozen, like someone was pouring ice down her gullet. It was the first time she had ever noticed the feeling, but it had always been there. At the other end of town, Kuroeda's inhalation of ice cream was doing its work.

***Bwomp***

***Bwomp***

***Grlllllll***

Elfuda clutched at her stomach, hopelessly kicking her blubbery legs in an attempt to remove some of the discomfort, but all it did was dislodge more gas.

***Bbbrrrrrrroooopp***

***Hhuuuuuoooooerrrrpp***

Her blasts were getting louder, more ferocious, enough to catch the attention of guests at the water park. In a mixture of curiosity and horror, they approached the overfilled balloon, watching her stomach rise and quiver. The creamy hue turning an angry red as the blimp lifted high into the air, the vast curve of her stomach turning ovoid, like something was trying to burst out from within. Straining against some unhappy passenger that, in reality, was just a deluge of cream. She couldn't stop it, couldn't fight it; she felt helpless against the overwhelming flow as it poured into her insides. It bubbled, it roiled, it raged.

***Churn***

***Glorp***

***Hooouerrrrpp***

***Fpppppttttttt***

It kept rising, tumbling on itself as it lifted into the sky, taller than the surrounding light poles. Her stomach billowed over her form, pressing her breasts into her face, and spilled over the edges of her frame. Once great love handles were buried under a boulder of belly fat as the mountain rose higher. Increasing in girth, increasing in tightness, it was like a runaway train. Something inside of her had snapped, and she didn't realize it; her muscles had given up fighting, given up their attempt to keep her whole. Now it was just how far her skin could stretch; the growing balloon under her skin was filling nonstop. The skin around her gut was tight, sensitive to the touch and beginning to throb. The forces inside pushed out against her belly as it tried to hold together. In and out, heaving, pulsing, bucking like it was filled with new life. The gas that erupted from her mounds intensified as her body tried to alleviate some of the pressure. Belches came rapid fire, blowing powerful gusts from her mouth, driving her head back into the pool. The pools around her rippled as her pressurized belches passed over the water.

***Rmbblblbbblblb***

There was another resonating quake from her body, her stomach had stopped growing; the pressure inside was simply too great. Elfuda's metabolism had finally kicked in, working to try and process whatever was filling her up. Blubber began to pile up under her skin, her breasts

began to tighten and inflate, filling with that excess adipose. They surged out, tearing her shirt in two, letting her massive mammaries flop free. There wasn't enough elasticity for them to jiggle; they jutted from her chest like inflated torpedoes, blobs of fat that shook like her stomach did. The same happened with her ballooned ass, the fat-laden mounds inflated as she lay there, lifting higher into the air and forcing her onto the small of her back. The cresting mountain of her stomach turned a violent shade of red as strain began to override her, the feeling of pressure mounting higher.

***Grnnnn***

***Crkkkk***

She couldn't handle much more of it; the red at the top of her stomach spread lower on her form, the stretch marks began to pulse under her skin. They throbbed in and out like veins as the pressure reached a fever pitch. There wasn't any stretch left, no place to pile fat onto, just the overwhelming and all-consuming feeling of pressure. It pressed against her insides like a hand, forcing her belly to distend one final time before her room finally ran out.

***Bloooossh***

Elfuda erupted, showing the pool with a flood of cream and still bulging fat as her stomach split like a lotus. The pressurized gas flung the remnant meals to all corners, only for something strange to happen. The remnants vanished; the flood of food seemed to get sucked back into the open stomach, pulling in like a great wave.

---

***Ulp***

***Ulp***

***Ulp***

Kuroeda had gotten so lost in her sweet treat that time had passed her by; the morning had gone by in a flash. She'd been rhythmically swallowing her treats without a care in the world, her throat bulging in and out to accommodate the plethora of cream. She could see her blimp of a stomach wobbling in front of her, shaking with her exaggerated gulps; she was prepared to receive a blustery and windy response to her gluttony, but none came.

"Huh, weird." Kuroeda cocked her eye brow, as she removed the spigot from her lips.

Normally at this time of day, she'd be stuffed to the rafters, drowned in an assault of food that made it tough to breathe. Yet, it hadn't happened yet; the morning had been mostly calm, with her able to relax and eat to her heart's content. Something about it felt off, like there was a

hand latched onto her shoulder, a cold one. Kuroeda was not ignorant of omens, and the feeling gave her enough of a shiver to give her pause.

***Gloorsslckckk***

***Shhuuuurrttppnn***

Kuroeda's feeling of omen was short-lived as something powerful and violent took hold of her stomach. The massive blimp shifted, lurching in and out like a crashing wave, the rippling sea of flesh undulating violently. Deep inside of her stomach, a wet and noisy bubbling started to boil within her. The frothing chaos inside of her stomach was greater than a tempest, a choppy sea of unknown contents; then came a weight. A dense mass began to accumulate and coalesce inside of her stomach. The heavy mass filled her gut, making her soft expanse tighten as it ballooned outward.

"Fuck! Fuck! What did you eat? Was it a school of fish?" Kuroeda gasped for air, sighting through the pain as she gripped her expanding stomach.

***Frrtttt***

***Ppbbtttt***

***Huuurrppp***

***Cchhhooorrlrlrlr***

Kuroeda could feel her insides flipping over themselves as her boiling gut churned, growing with each passing second. Gas poured from her backside, enormous vents of explosive flatus that shook her massive cheeks. Fart after fart rolled from her backside, cascading gales that fired without end. It wasn't her normal build and release; it was closer to a leaky faucet, something without a proper stopper. Kuroeda could feel her stomach continue to churn as a rolling belch escaped her lips in a roar, an unusual expulsion to be sure. As pressure vented from both of her ends, Kuroeda felt the weight inside of her gullet increasing, whatever she was filling with amplifying inside of her.

"I've got to ***brruuupppp*** get an answer." Kuroeda clasped a hand to her mouth as another violent belch escaped her lips.

She flipped through the TV, looking for any signs of an eating contest or restaurant opening. All the while, her belly was continuing to grow, the soft surface tensing as it pushed outwards. Growing and expanding as the dense mass deep in her gullet grew, the feeling of fullness grew in turn. Flicking through the channels, she stopped at a new report at a pool; a reporter was covering local events, and a picture of Elfuda was plastered on the screen. Kuroeda ramped up the volume, struggling to hear it over her own cacophonous body.

*Reports say that there was an incident at the waterpark. A girl that was initially mistaken for a whale began to inexplicably expand. Shortly after her intense growth, she exploded. Eye witnesses claim that she was full of food; it burst out of her and then got sucked back as the body disappeared.*

Kuroeda clicked the remote off, shaking in fear at the last part of the sentence; if what they said was true, then Elfuda's meal was getting sucked into somewhere, and that somewhere was Kuroeda. It explained everything, the sudden growth, the sudden feeling of weight; the only explanation for it was a sort of rubber banding effect. All of the food that Elfuda had eaten was now being funneled back into her.

***PppbbbfTTTTTTT***

***Grlllllllll***

Kuroeda collapsed onto her stomach as the massive blimp kept growing, burgeoning out in front of her. It grew wider and longer, smashing into the opposite wall as more of Elfuda's meal piled inside of her stomach. It was growing exponentially, expanding out of control as masses of food and fat deposited into her body. Her skin was bubbling with layers of fat, rippling with violent shifts as she expanded. Her stomach pressed into the opposite wall, pressing into the stiff drywall and making it crack. Everything inside of her was in upheaval, sloshing, frothing, churning. She could feel the impending weight of her massive ass growing into her, pushing her head forward as the expanding mountains of flesh had nowhere to go. Her stomach began to howl in agony as the endless onslaught of food kept coming. The explosive bouts of gas from her rear were only ramping up, ratcheting higher in both speed and ferocity.

***Crkkkkk***

"Shit. Have to try and get a handle on this." Kuroeda cursed to herself as she felt her stomach begin to creak.

She'd stretched as far as she could, and now she was pushing past her limits; her skin was stretching to accommodate everything funneled into her. Kuroeda had only one idea, one plan, on how to circumvent some of her growth. In as swift a motion as she could manage, she summoned her magic garments and staff, already preparing a spell as they were being brought in. She hoped that they would stay together enough for a single utterance of a word of strength, but the moment her garments formed, they melted into goo. Her mana was too confused, melded with Elfuda's incompatible mana, the spell having corrupted everything she did.

***Rmbbblblblbl***

***Oouurrrrrrrlllll***

That spell was her last chance, as the accumulating food stressed her stomach beyond any impact. A war was being waged inside her stomach against the growing hoard of Elfuda's meals, and her stomach was losing. Her gut graced the ceiling, the highest peak of the great mountain bumping into the white plaster. Pressing against it until cracks began to form, her overtaxed stomach stretching until red patches began to form. Splotches of red formed at her apex and at her flanks, splotches that grew wider like spilled ink. Seeping their way across her form, filling her nooks and crannies and making them billow outward. Every inch of her gut was ballooning out, the mountain of food filling her to the rafters.

***Fppppppbbbbbbbbbbttttt***

Her farts were rocking her body so hard that it was starting to break the floor, her colossal mass shaking strongly enough to crack the floorboards. Fat flowed freely in her body, sloshing about her shaking cheeks in throbbing waves. Soon her ass grew as tense as her stomach, the surface turning tight as leather. Stiff as a drum and growing thinner by the minute.

"How much did I eat? How much did she take in?" Kuroeda shouted over her own pulsing gut before being buried in her own flesh.

Trapped by her leviathan of a stomach as it continued expanding, turning hard as a rock and only getting harder. Stretch marks began to appear on her stomach, streaking down the growing mountain as it filled her apartment. There wasn't a square inch of her apartment that wasn't filled with her flesh, and yet, it kept coming. More and more flows of food that taxed Kuroeda's already overloaded skin.

***Crkkkkkk***

***Gnnnn***

She wasn't growing anymore, just shaking, her paper-thin skin struggling to hold together as the flood continued.

"Seriously! How much was...." Kuroeda didn't get the chance to finish her exclamation.

***Bloosh***

In a flood of fat and food, she exploded, being torn apart by the still flowing morsels, waves of sludge washed across her apartment as her massive cheeks detonated. The oversized blimps exploding like fat bombs. The building collapsed around her, burying her magic and her tools in rubble, leaving nothing but locks of hair and rubbery skin.